

Eve

VOL. 1 ISSUE 1

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ADULTS ONLY

MARLENA LOREN Miss California
full color pin-up
... page 32

THE BIG BUILD-UP

...the truth about Hollywood's
fabulous figures.

CONTINENTAL
MINIATURES



Eve

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Where the apple reddens,
Never pry
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I!





Bardot twist

Not too long ago there was a near riot at the Peppermint Lounge. It is pretty hard to tell when there is a near riot at the Lounge as there is complete mayhem at this place every single night.

But on this particular night our lovely Ann Wesley was giving a Twist demonstration and every one thought that it was Brigitte Bardot, and for the first time since the Peppermint Lounge opened, the dance floor was empty.

The people were all staring at Ann and her partner. Ann put a new twist on the Twist that night as it was her first night on the job, and she really wanted to make a good impression. When the people found out that she wasn't Bardot they were not disappointed because her demonstration was the greatest that they had ever seen.







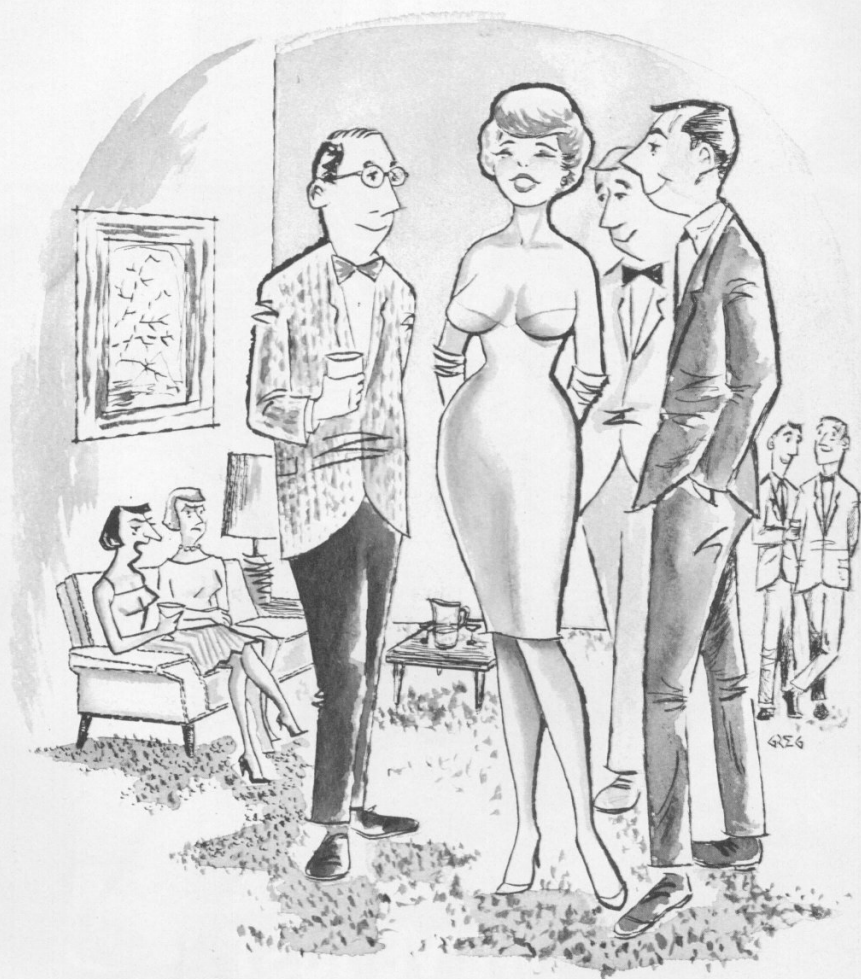
Ann has become used to being mistaken for Bardot. At first it annoyed her until she found that it could work to her advantage. Particularly since she wants to be a dancer. She has studied tap, acrobatic, and ballet. But all of these standard dances are not where she makes her living.

She has done mostly professional ballroom dancing, and since she started working at the Lounge it looks as though that is the way her career will progress. Ann is thrilled with her job as exhibition dancer at the Lounge. It is the closest thing to the big time that she has ever done. She hopes that it will lead to bigger dancing jobs, and we are sure that it will. Her reputation as a twister is getting around town, and we know of several T.V. shows that are going to make her an offer. We first saw Ann at the Lounge and that is where we made our arrangements with her for this modeling job. Now Ann has two careers, dancing and modeling. We predict another career for Ann; movies. We believe that when the producers see her pictures in this magazine they are going to give her a screen test. If they don't they are nuts. First of all, her resemblance to Brigitte. Second, her fantastic dancing, and third she's a darn pretty girl in her own right.



Everything that Ann does she makes seem so easy. She has a serene look about her, and makes every one feel at ease. □ Ann started dancing when she was very young. Her mother was her first teacher. Mama wasn't a professional in the true sense of the word. She entered amateur contests, and won them, and she was even a marathon dancer. She enjoyed dancing and wanted her daughter to enjoy dancing too. So when Ann was just a little girl of five, just fifteen years ago, her mother started teaching her. □ Ann can do the Charleston, the Shag, Black Bottom, Bunny Hug, and the Shimmy. Ann says that the Twist and the Shimmy are the same dance. We will take her word for it. We just want to thank Ann's Mother for teaching it to her daughter. □ For our out-of-town readers who are devotees of the Twist, we suggest that you come to the Peppermint Lounge. The best Twist dancers in the world are there every night. If you want to see the greatest of them all, find out what time Ann gives her exhibition and make your reservation about a month in advance so that you can be right up front when she goes on. You just won't believe your eyes.





"She's the original good time that was had by all."



**WE'VE JUST
MET A GIRL
NAMED MARIA**



Anglo Saxons pride themselves on their cultural contributions to the world. The British consider that they are carrying on the tradition of their ancestors by maintaining these standards in all forms of the arts and sciences. ■ Little did we know when we met lovely Maria Clarence in London, that we were going to have to prove that we too are trying to maintain not only a distinctly artistic and individual photographic style, but interesting and lively literary copy as well. Maria Clarence made these demands of us, and since we wanted to use her services as a model, we were willing to submit to her . . . request. Since this is the first issue of Eve, Maria insisted on seeing all the photographic and editorial copy to be used in both the first and second issue of this publication. After a careful study of all the material at hand, she agreed to pose for Eve. We decided that Maria was not only the kind of girl who knew what she liked, but why she liked it. She informed us that very often she turned down a job when she thought the publication did not live up to her standards.



Maria is serious about her modeling career. In spare time she studies ballet and modern dance in order to keep fit, and to improve her posing technique. Maria's hobbies include listening to classical music, she has a huge collection of records that include scores from Broadway shows and some jazz. In a few days Maria's proof sheets were ready. I must admit that we were a bit dubious as to whether she would approve







of our photographic efforts. She thought the photos exceptionally good, and far above the ordinary lot she had seen of herself. So there you have the opinion of an expert, and we know that all of you must agree with her. Why? Because you bought this magazine, that's why. You and Maria are very discriminating people.









The Yellow Wallpaper

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman ■ It is very seldom that mere ordinary people like John and myself secure ancestral halls for the summer.

A colonial mansion, a hereditary estate, I would say a haunted house, and reach the height of romantic felicity — but that would be asking too much of fate!

Still I will proudly declare that there is something queer about it.

Else, why should it be let so cheaply? And why have stood so long untenanted?

John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage.

John is practical in the extreme. He has no patience with faith, an intense horror of superstition, and he scoffs openly at any talk of things not to be felt and seen and put down in figures.

John is a physician, and *perhaps* — (I would not say it to a living soul, of course, but this is dead paper and a great relief to my mind) — *perhaps* that is one reason I do not get well faster.

You see, he does not believe I am sick!

And what can one do?

(please turn to next page)

If a physician of high standing, and one's own husband, assures friends and relatives that there is really nothing the matter with one but temporary nervous depression — a slight hysterical tendency — what is one to do?

My brother is also a physician, and also of high standing, and he says the same thing.

So I take phosphates or phosphites — whichever it is — and tonics, and journeys, and air, and exercise and am absolutely forbidden to "work" until I am well again.

Personally I disagree with their ideas.

Personally I believe that congenial work, with excitement and change, would do me good.

But what is one to do?

I did write for a while in spite of them; but it *does* exhaust me a good deal — having to be so sly about it, or else meet with heavy opposition.

I sometimes fancy that in my condition if I had less opposition and more society and stimulus — but John says the very worst thing I can do is to think about my condition, and I confess it always makes me feel bad.

So I will let it alone and talk about the house.

The most beautiful place! It is quite alone, standing well back from the road, quite three miles from the village. It makes me think of English places that you read about, for there are hedges, and walls and gates that lock, and lots of separate little houses for the gardeners and people.

There is a *delicious* garden! I never saw such a garden — large and shady, full of box-bordered paths, and lined with long grape-covered arbors with seats under them.

There were greenhouses, too, but they are all broken now.

There was some legal trouble, I believe, something about the heirs and co-heirs, anyhow, the place has been empty for years.

That spoils my ghostliness, I am afraid; but I don't care — there is something strange about the house — I can feel it.

I even said to John one moonlit evening but he said what I felt was a *draught*, and shut the window.

I get unreasonably angry with John sometimes. I'm sure I never

used to be so sensitive. I think it is due to this nervous condition.

But John says if I feel so I shall neglect proper self-control; so I take pains to control myself — before him, at least, and that makes me very tired.

I don't like our room a bit. I wanted one downstairs that opened on the piazza and had roses all over the windows, and such pretty, old-fashioned chintz hangings! but John would not hear of it.

He said there was only one window and not room for two beds, and no rear room for him if he took another.

He is very careful and loving, and hardly lets me stir without special direction.

I have a schedule prescription for each hour in the day; he takes all care from me, and I feel so basely ungrateful not to value it more.

He said we came here solely on my account, that I was to have perfect rest and all the air I could get. "Your exercise depends on your strength, my dear," said he, "and your food somewhat on your appetite; but air you can absorb all the time." So we took the nursery, at the top of the house.

It is a big, airy room, the whole floor nearly, with windows that look all ways, and air and sunshine galore. It was nursery first and then playground and gymnasium, I should judge; for the windows are barred for little children and there are rings and things in the walls.

The paint and paper look as if a boys' school had used it. It is striped off — the paper — in great patches all around the head of my bed, about as far as I can reach, and in a great place on the other side of the roof low down. I never saw a worse paper in my life — one of those sprawling flamboyant patterns committing every artistic sin.

It is dull enough to confuse the eye in following, pronounced enough to constantly irritate, and provoke study, and when you follow the lame, uncertain curves for a little distance they suddenly commit suicide — plunge off at outrageous angles, destroy themselves in unheard-of contradictions.

The color is repellent, almost revolting; a smoldering, unclean yellow, strangely faded by the slow-turning sunlight.

It is a dull yet lurid orange in some places, a sickly sulphur tint

in others.

No wonder the children hated it! I should hate it myself if I had to live in this room long.

There comes John, and I must put this away — he hates to have me write a word.

We have been here two weeks, and I haven't felt like writing before, since that first day.

I am sitting by the window now, up in this atrocious nursery, and there is nothing to hinder my writing as much as I please, save lack of strength.

John is away all day, and even some nights when his cases are serious.

I am glad my case is not serious!

But these nervous troubles are dreadfully depressing.

John does not know how much I really suffer. He knows there is no reason to suffer, and that satisfies him.

Of course it is only nervousness. It does weigh on me so not to do my duty in any way!

I meant so to be such a help to John, such a real rest and comfort, and here I am a comparative burden already!

Nobody would believe what an effort it is to do what little I am able — to dress and entertain, and order things.

It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby. Such a dear baby!

And yet I *cannot* be with him, it makes me so nervous.

I suppose John never was nervous in his life. He laughs at me so about this wallpaper!

At first he meant to repair the room, but afterward he said that I was letting it get the better of me, and that nothing was worse for a nervous patient than to give way to such fancies.

He said that after the wallpaper was changed it would be the heavy bedstead, and then the barred windows, and then the gate at the head of the stairs, and so on.

"You know the place is doing you good," he said, "and really, dear, I don't care to renovate the house just for a three months' rental."

"Then let us go downstairs," I said, "there are such pretty rooms there."

Then he took me in his arms and called me a blessed little goose, and said he would go down cellar if I wished, and would have it whitewashed into the bargain.

But he is right enough about the beds and windows and things.

It is as airy and comfortable a room as anyone need wish, and of course, I would not be so silly as to make him uncomfortable just for a whim.

I'm really getting quite fond of the big room, all but that horrid paper.

Out of one window I can see the garden, those mysterious deep-shaded arbors, the riotous old-fashioned flowers, and bushes and gnarly trees.

Out of another I get a lovely view of the bay and a little private wharf belonging to the estate. There is a beautiful shaded lane that runs down there from the house. I always fancy I see people walking in these numerous paths and arbors, but John has cautioned me not to give way to fancy in the least. He says that with my imaginative power and habit of story-making a nervous weakness like mine is sure to lead to all manner of excited fancies, and that I ought to use my will and good sense to check the tendency. So I try.

I think sometimes, that if I were only well enough to write a little it would relieve the press of ideas and rest me.

But I find I get pretty tired when I try.

It is so discouraging not to have any advice and companionship about my work. When I get really well John says we will ask Cousin Henry and Julia down for a long visit; but he says he would as soon put fireworks in my pillowcase as to let me have those stimulating people about now.

I wish I could get well faster.

But I must not think about that. This paper looks to me as if it *knew* what a vicious influence it had!

There is a recurrent spot where the pattern lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous eyes stare at you upside-down.

I got positively angry with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. Up and down and sideways they crawl, and those absurd, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place where two breadths didn't match, and the eyes go all up and down the line, one a little higher than the other.

I never saw so much expression in an inanimate thing before, and we all know how much expression they have!

I used to lie awake as a child and get more entertainment and terror out of blank walls and plain furniture than most children could find in a toystore.

I remember what a kindly wink the knobs of our big old bureau used to have, and there was one chair that always seemed like a strong friend.

I used to feel that if any of the other things looked too fierce I could always hop into that chair and be safe.

The furniture in this room is no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had to bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when this was used as a playroom they had to take the nursery things out, and no wonder! I never saw such ravages as the children have made here.

The wallpaper, as I said before, is torn off in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother — they must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Then the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, the plaster itself is dug out here and there, and this great heavy bed, which is all we found in the room, looks as if it had been through the wars.

But I don't mind it a bit — only the paper.

There comes John's sister. Such a dear girl as she is, and so careful of me! I must not let her find me writing.

She is a perfect, an enthusiastic housekeeper, and hopes for no better profession. I verily believe she thinks it is the writing which made me sick!

But I can write when she is out, and see her a long way off from the windows.

There is one that commands the road, a lovely, shaded winding road, and one that just looks off over the country. A lovely country, too, full of great elms and velvet meadows.

This wallpaper has a kind of sub-pattern in a different shade, a particularly irritating one, for you can only see it in certain lights, and not clearly then.

But in the places where it isn't faded, and where the sun is just so, I can see a strange, provoking, formless sort of figure that seems to sukk about that silly and conspicuous front design.

There's Sister on the stairs!

Well, the Fourth of July is over! The people are all gone and I am tired out. John thought it might do

me good to see a little company, so we just had mother and Nellie and the children down for a week.

Of course I didn't do a thing. Jennie sees to everything now.

But it tired me all the same.

John says if I don't pick up faster he shall send me to Weir Mitchell in the fall.

But I don't want to go there at all. I had a friend who was in his hands once, and she says he is just like John and my brother, only more so!

Besides, it is such an undertaking to go so far.

I don't feel as if it was worth while to turn my hand over for anything, and I'm getting dreadfully fretful and querulous.

I cry at nothing, and cry most of the time.

Of course I don't when John is here, or anybody else, but when I am alone.

And I am alone a good deal just now. John is kept in town very often by serious cases, and Jennie is good and lets me alone when I want her to.

So I walk a little in the garden or down that lovely lane, sit on the porch under the roses, and lie down up here a good deal.

I'm getting really fond of the room in spite of the wallpaper. Perhaps *because* of the wallpaper.

It dwells in my mind so!

I lie here on this great immovable bed — it is nailed down, I believe — and follow that pattern about by the hour. It is as good as gymnastics, I assure you. I start, we'll say at the bottom, down in the corner over there where it has not been touched, and I determine for the thousandth time that I *will* follow that pointless pattern to some sort of a conclusion.

I know a little of the principles of design, and I know this thing was not arranged on any laws of radiation, or alternation, or repetition, or symmetry, or anything else that I ever heard of.

It is repeated, of course, by the breadths, but not otherwise.

Looked at in one way, each breadth stands alone, the bloated curves and flourishes — a kind of "debased Romanesque" with *delirium tremens* — go waddling up and down in isolated columns of fatuity.

But on the other hand, they connect diagonally, and the sprawling outlines run off in great slanting waves of optic horror, like a lot of

wallowing seaweeds in full chase.

The whole thing goes horizontally, too, at least it seems so, and I exhaust myself in trying to distinguish the order of its going in that direction.

They have used a horizontal breadth for a frieze, and that adds wonderfully to the confusion.

There is one end of the roof where it is almost intact and there, when the crosslights fade and the low sun shines directly upon it, I can almost fancy radiation, after all — the interminable grotesques seem to form around a common center and rush off in headlong plunges of equal distraction.

It makes me tired to follow it. I will take a nap, I guess.

I don't know why I should write this.

I don't want to.

I don't feel able.

And I know John would think it absurd. But I *must* say what I feel and think in some way — it is such a relief!

But the effort is getting to be greater than the relief.

Half the time now I am awfully lazy, and lie down ever so much.

John says I musn't lose my strength, and has me take codliver oil and lots of tonics and things, to say nothing of ale and wine and rare meat.

Dear John! He loves me very dearly, and hates to have me sick. I tried to have a real earnest reasonable talk with him the other day, and tell him how I wished he would let me go and make a visit to Cousin Henry and Julia.

But he said I wasn't able to go, nor able to stand it after I got there; and I did not make out a very good case for myself, for I was crying before I had finished.

It is getting to be a great effort for me to think straight. Just this nervous weakness, I suppose.

And dear John gathered me up in his arms, and just carried me upstairs and laid me on the bed, and sat by me and read to me till he tired my head.

He said I was his darling and his comfort and all he had, and that I must take care of myself for his sake, and keep well.

He says no one but myself can help me out of it, that I must use my will and self-control and not let my silly fancies run away with me.

There's one comfort, the baby is well and happy, and does not have

to occupy this nursery with the horrid wallpaper.

If we had not used it that blessed child would have! What a fortunate escape! Why, I wouldn't have a child of mine, an impressionable little thing, live in such a room for worlds.

I never thought of it before, but it is lucky that John kept me here, after all. I can stand it so much easier than a baby, you see.

Of course I never mention it to them any more — I am too wise — but I keep watch of it all the same.

There are things in that paper that nobody knows but me, or ever will.

Behind that outside pattern the dim shapes get clearer every day.

It is always the same shape, only very numerous.

And it is like a woman stooping down and creeping about behind that pattern. I don't like it a bit. I wonder — I begin to think — I wish John would take me away from here!

It is so hard to talk with John about my case, because he is so wise, and because he loves me so.

But I tried it last night.

It was moonlight. The moon shines in all around, just as the sun does.

I hate to see it sometimes, it creeps so slowly, and always comes in by one window or another.

John was asleep and I hated to waken him, so I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wallpaper till I felt creepy.

The faint figure behind seem to shake the pattern, just as if she wanted to get out.

I got up softly and went to feel and see if the paper *did* move, and when I came back John was awake. "What is it little girl?" he said. "Don't go walking about like that — you'll get cold."

I thought it was a good time to talk, so I told him that I really was not gaining here, and that I wished he would take me away.

"Why darling!" said he, "our lease will be up in three weeks, and I can't see how to leave before."

"The repairs are not done at home, and I cannot possibly leave town just now. Of course, if you were in any danger I could and would, but you really are better, dear, whether you can see it or not. I am a doctor, dear, and I know. You are gaining flesh and color, your appetite is better. I feel really

much easier about you."

"I don't weigh a bit more," said I, "nor as much; and my appetite may be better in the evening, when you are here, but it is worse in the morning, when you are away."

"Bless her little heart!" said he with a big hug; "she shall be as sick as she pleases. But now let's improve the shining hours by going to sleep, and talk about it in the morning."

"And you won't go away?" I asked gloomily.

"Why, how can I, dear? It is only three weeks more and then we will take a nice little trip of a few days while Jennie is getting the house ready. Really, dear, you are better!"

"Better in body, perhaps —" I began, and stopped short, for he sat up straight and looked at me with such a stern, reproachful look that I could not say another word.

"My darling," said he, "I beg of you, for my sake and for our child's sake, as well as for your own, that you will never for one instant let that idea enter your mind! There is nothing so dangerous, so fascinating, to a temperament like yours. It is a false and foolish hope. Can you not trust me as a physician when I tell you so?"

So of course I said no more on that score, and we went to sleep before long. He thought I was asleep first, but I wasn't — I lay there for hours trying to decide whether that front pattern and the back pattern really did move together or separately.

On a pattern like this, by daylight, there is a lack of sequence, a defiance of law, that is a constant irritant to a normal mind.

The color is hideous enough, and unreliable enough, and infuriating enough, but the pattern is torturing.

You may think you have mastered it, but just as you get well under way in following, it turns a back somersault, and there you are. It slaps you in the face, knocks you down, and tramples upon you. It is like a bad dream.

The outside pattern is a florid arabesque, reminding one of a fungus. If you can imagine a toadstool in joints, an interminable string of toadstools, budding and sprouting in endless convolutions, — why, that is something like it.

That is, sometimes.

There is one marked peculiarity about this paper, a thing nobody seems to notice but myself, and that

is that it changes as the light changes.

When the sun shoots in through the east windows — I always watch for that first long, straight ray — it changes so quickly that I never can quite believe it.

That is why I watch it always.

By moonlight — the moon shines in all night when there is a moon — I wouldn't know it was the same paper.

At night in any kind of light, in twilight, candlelight, lamplight, and worst of all by moonlight, it becomes bars! The outside pattern, I mean, and the woman behind it is as plain as can be.

I didn't realize for a long time what the thing was that showed behind — that dim sub-pattern — but now I am quite sure it is a woman.

By daylight she is subdued, quiet. I fancy it is the pattern that keeps her so still. It is so puzzling. It keeps me quiet by the hour.

I lie down ever so much now. John says it is good for me, and to sleep all I can.

Indeed, he started the habit by making me lie down for an hour after each meal.

It is a very bad habit, I am convinced, for, you see, I don't sleep.

And that cultivates deceit, for I don't tell them I'm awake — oh, no!

The fact is, I am getting a little afraid of John.

He seems very queer sometimes, and even Jennie has an inexplicable look.

It strikes me occasionally, just as a scientific hypothesis, that perhaps it is the paper!

I have watched John when he did not know I was looking, and come into the room suddenly on the most innocent excuses, and I've caught him several times *looking at the paper!* And Jennie too. I caught Jennie with her hand on it once.

She didn't know I was in the room, and when I asked her in a quiet, a very quiet voice, with the most restrained manner possible, what she was doing with the paper she turned around as if she had been caught stealing, and looked quite angry — asked me why I should frighten her so!

Then she said that the paper stained everything it touched, and that she had found yellow smooches on all my clothes and John's, and she wished we would be more careful!

Did not that sound innocent? But I know she was studying that pat-

tern, and I am determined that nobody shall find it out but myself!

Life is very much more exciting now than it used to be. You see I have something more to expect, to look forward to, to watch. I really do eat better, and am more quiet than I was.

John is so pleased to see me improve! He laughed a little the other day, and said I seemed to be flourishing in spite of my wallpaper.

I turned it off with a laugh. I had no intention of telling him that it was *because* of the wallpaper — he would make fun of me. He might even want to take me away.

I don't want to leave now until I have found it out. There is a week more, and I think that will be enough.

I'm feeling ever so much better! I don't sleep much at night, for it is so interesting to watch developments; but I sleep a good deal in the daytime.

In the daytime it is tiresome and perplexing.

There are always new shoots on the fungus, and new shades of yellow all over it. I cannot keep count of them, though I have tried conscientiously.

It is the strangest yellow, that wallpaper! It makes me think of all the yellow things I ever saw — not beautiful ones like buttercups, but old foul, bad yellow things.

But there is something else about that paper — the smell! I noticed it the moment we came into the room, but with so much air and sun it was not bad! Now we have had a week of fog and rain, and whether the windows are open or not the smell is here.

It creeps all over the house.

I find it hovering in the dining room, skulking in the parlor, hiding in the hall, lying in wait for me on the stairs.

It gets into my hair.

Even when I go to ride, if I turn my head suddenly and surprise it — there is that smell!

Such a peculiar odor, too! I have spent hours in trying to analyze it, to find what it smelled like.

It is not bad — at first, and very gentle, but quite the subtlest, most enduring odor I ever met.

In this damp weather it is awful. I wake up in the night and find it hanging over me.

It used to disturb me at first. I thought seriously of burning the house — to reach the smell.

But now I am used to it. The only thing I can think of that it is like is the *color* of the paper — a yellow smell!

There is a very funny mark on this wall, low down, near the mop-board. A streak that runs around the room. It goes behind every piece of furniture, except the bed, a long, straight, even *smooch* as if it had been rubbed over and over.

I wonder how it was done and who did it, and what they did it for. Round and round and round — round and round and round — it makes me dizzy!

I really have discovered something at last.

Through watching so much at night, when it changes so, I have finally found out.

The front pattern *does* move — and no wonder! The woman behind shakes it!

Sometimes I think there are a great many women behind, and sometimes only one, and she crawls around fast, and her crawling shakes it all over.

Then in the very bright spots she keeps still, and in the very shady spots she just takes hold of the bars and shakes them hard.

And she is all the time trying to climb through. But nobody could climb through that pattern — it strangles so; I think that is why it has so many heads.

They get through, and then the pattern strangles them off and turns them upside-down, and makes their eye white!

If those heads were covered or taken off it would not be half so hard.

I think that woman gets out in the daytime!

And I'll tell you why — privately — I've seen her!

I can see her out of every one of my windows!

It is the same woman, I know, for she is always creeping, and most women do not creep by daylight.

I see her in that long shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbors, creeping all around the garden.

I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along, and when a carriage comes she hides under the blackberry vines.

I don't blame her a bit. It must be very humiliating to be caught creeping by daylight!

I always lock the door when I creep by daylight. I can't do it at

(continued on page 49)



Ballad to a Beauty



That fawn-skin-dappled hair or hers,
 And the blue eyes
 Dear and dewy,
 To think men cannot take you, Sweet,
 And enfold you,
 Aye, and hold you,
 And so keep you what they make you, Sweet!
 You like us for a glance, you know —
 For a word's sake
 Or a sword's sake,
 All's the same, whate'er the chance, you know.
 And in turn we make you ours, we say —
 You and youth too,
 Eyes and mouth too,
 All the face composed of flowers, we say.
 All's our own, to make the most of, Sweet,
 Sing and say for,
 Watch and pray for,
 Keep a secret or go boast of, Sweet!
 But for loving, why you would not, Sweet,
 Though we prayed you,
 Paid you, brayed you
 In a mortar — for you could not, Sweet,

So, we leave the sweet face fondly there:
 Be its beauty
 Its sole duty!
 Let all hope of grace beyond, lie there!
 And while the face lies quiet there,
 Who shall wonder
 What I ponder
 A conclusion? I will try it there.
 As, — why must one, for the love forgone,
 Scout mere liking?
 Thunder striking
 Earth, — the heaven, we looked above for, gone!
 Why, with beauty, needs there money be,
 Love with liking?
 Crush the fly-king
 In his gauze, because no honey-bee?
 May not liking be so simple-sweet,
 If love grew there
 'T would undo there
 All that breaks the cheek to dimples sweet?
 Is the creature too imperfect, say?
 Would you mend it
 And so end it?
 Since not all addition perfects aye!
 Or is it of its kind, perhaps,
 Just perfection
 Whence, rejection
 Of a grace not to its mind, perhaps?
 Shall we burn up, tread that face at once
 into tinder,
 And so hinder
 Sparks from kindling all the place at once?
 Or else kiss away one's soul on her?
 Your love fancies!
 — a sick man sees





Truer, when his hot eyes roll on her!
 Thus the craftsman thinks to grace the rose, —
 Plucks a mould-flower
 For his gold flower,
 Uses fine things that efface the rose:
 Rosy rubies make its cup more rose,
 Precious metals
 Ape the petals—
 Last, some old king locks it up, morose!
 Then how grace a rose? I know a way!
 Leave it, rather.
 Must you gather?
 Smell, kiss, wear it — at last, throw away!

Robert Browning





Mr. Spyrous Skouras
Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation
Olympic Blvd.
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. S:

My name is Morton Deddiford and I have an idea for a motion picture that I think you and your company, Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation should be interested in for filming. I think that this idea is indeed a doddiewomper, which is a new word I made up which means that it is bigger than colossal or stupendous or any of those other old hat words, if you know what I mean. As you can see by this fact, I am indeed a man of imagination with a wide variety of thoughts which might be put to use if you decide not to use my idea for a movie which is highly doubtful as you will see from reading it, indeed.

Anyhow to get back to business, Mr. S., which is mainly the idea for this letter, the idea which I have for a motion picture which I think is just right for you because it takes place in Greece and as you know, you come from Greece if I am right.

The name of the story is "Never On Friday". It is the story of a girl who is not a very good girl if you (ha, ha,) know what I mean. This girl is a friend of all the sailors and all the other people in the port but mainly men. She acts bad with lots of the men if you know what I mean. This is good to show in movies because I believe that this is what made that French actress Brigitte Bardot a big hit. If you have never seen her in a movie, you should go to see her because although her pictures are all in French and have writing in English on them, you get a pretty good idea of what she is doing if you know what I mean.

Anyhow, as I was saying before I got off on B B which is what the newspapers call her because it goes with M M who is Marilyn Monroe the girl who was made famous by posing without clothes for a old photographer who I think was a friend of hers who later went into the calendar business with her or with her picture or something if you remember from the papers.

Anyhow I thought that if we could get a Greek girl who's initials are the same like G G or J J or something then think what a big thing it could be when we say S S presents G G the new B B or M M in "Never On Friday." I think that the newspapers would eat that up if you know what I mean. The S S that I mention is no one but your goodself who by some chance also has initials like B B. Isn't that unusual and worth taking advantage of? As you can see, I really think on my feet as they say on Hollywood and Vine Streets in Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

Anyhow, as I was saying before I got off on SS, I think the picture should have a theme song which would be called "Never On Friday" from the picture of the same name which in itself could get the picture lots of more publicity and maybe could win the Oscar which is the Academy Award which is voted on television every year.

If you have never caught this show, you should because it stars Bob Hope who is a very funny fellow if you are looking for a very funny fellow for a movie and sometimes stars Jerry Lewis who doesn't do as good as Bob Hope because he don't tell time as good. Sometimes a song which wins this award can help make a lot of money for the movie from which it came because the next morning after the Oscar show (Not the Oscar Levant show which as you know is strictly local Los Angeles, but the aforesaid and mentioned Oscar show which is nationwide) all the disc jockeys will play the winning song.

Now to the story which is very S*E*X*Y if you know what I mean. This here girl G G or J J is always making up to all the sailors in the port of Greece which is your home town and therefore you should know about it. The big kick is and this should be real funny is when she won't have nothing to do with no sailors or not even anyone else including an American on Friday on account of this is fish day and she has to go fishing to catch her supper. This is a real different twist as they say on Madison Avenue, New York, U.S.A. and should really make Louella and Jimmy Fiddler as well as all those other big Hollywood writers stand on their ears which as you know doesn't really mean stand on their ears but get excited. The problem comes in when the American who should be played by Chuck Connors because then you would have another name with C C like in S S and B B and whoooey wouldn't that be worth publicity, doesn't understand why the girl G G or J J wants to be a girl with a bad reputation if you know what I mean. There is more to the story but I don't think I should send you any more at this time because I heard how sometimes you Hollywood people will steal from little fellows such as I and I don't think you would but you know how it is if you know what I mean.

If you will send me some money what ever you think it's worth plus an airplane ticket from Hartford, Connecticut, New England to Hollywood or where ever airplanes land out there in the land of sunshine and movie stars, I would be happy to tell you the rest of the story right after you put me on salary at Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. Thank you.

Your friend,

Mort

PS: I would like to stop over in Las Vegas so if you could make sure the airplane stops there too because I have heard that all the other movie writers go there and have fun with the dancing girls etc if you know what I mean and don't be worried about my wife caring about it because I don't have no wife since I have never married since I was born. Hurry and send the tickets on account of I have only twelve more days before I have to pay my rent again and I don't want to give my landlady no more money because she is really an old crank if you know what I mean, SS.

mort

Mr. Morton Deddiford
34 Johnstown Road
Hartford, Connecticut.

Dear Sir:

Your letter to Mr. Skouras has been turned over to me for consideration. Since we do not under any circumstance accept plot ideas without a proper release form, I must return your suggestion with our regrets. Thank you for your interest in 20th Century-Fox.

Sincerely,

Sylvia Morgan
Clearance

SM/rds

Mr. Spyros Skouras
Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation
Olympic Blvd.
Los Angeles, Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. S. PERSONAL AND PRIVATE

I have received a letter from the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation which was signed by Sylvia Morgan who I realize can not be anyone very important because I have never seen her name on any movie or even a cartoon that played here in Hartford that I can remember. I am sending this letter to you personal and private because I know that this way no one will dare come between you and me in our correspondence since I have heard that you are a big man who always has time to see and spend time with the small man which is what I am being only four feet ten inches tall which as they say makes it hard to be tall in the saddle or tough to be tough in the tough old west when you are only four feet ten if you know what I mean.

I have noticed that in my first letter which I kept a carbon copy of which I think is good business practice if you are not doing it at the studio or on the lot as they say in Movie Mirror Magazine which I read quite often to keep abreast of things which don't mean what it sounds like cause I don't use language like that if you know what I mean. I misspelled your first name which should not have a "u" in it and doesn't have one in it as you will notice in this letter. I misspelled it because I think it is a foreign name and I can not find it in my dictionary or anywhere else in Hartford including the Greek restaurants which are owned by Johns and Aristotles which in the second instance are pretty funny names in themselves, don't you think, There is also a diner here with a fellow named Plato running it but I'm not sure that this is a Greek name so if it is I wish you would tell me on account of I am interested in Greek names now that I feel surer of making a Greek movie because I have come up with an even greater idea than "Never On Friday" for a Greek movie which is where you come from after all.

Now this here story takes place in a place called Navarone and...





"Hey Mack! . . . Only one hour parking! !"



"The only reason I come home half crooked every night is because I run out of money."



*"Listen here wise guys!
 . . . What you're looking at is 25 years old
 . . . What I'm holding down is brand new!"*

Eve

MEETS A SWEDISH BEAUTY

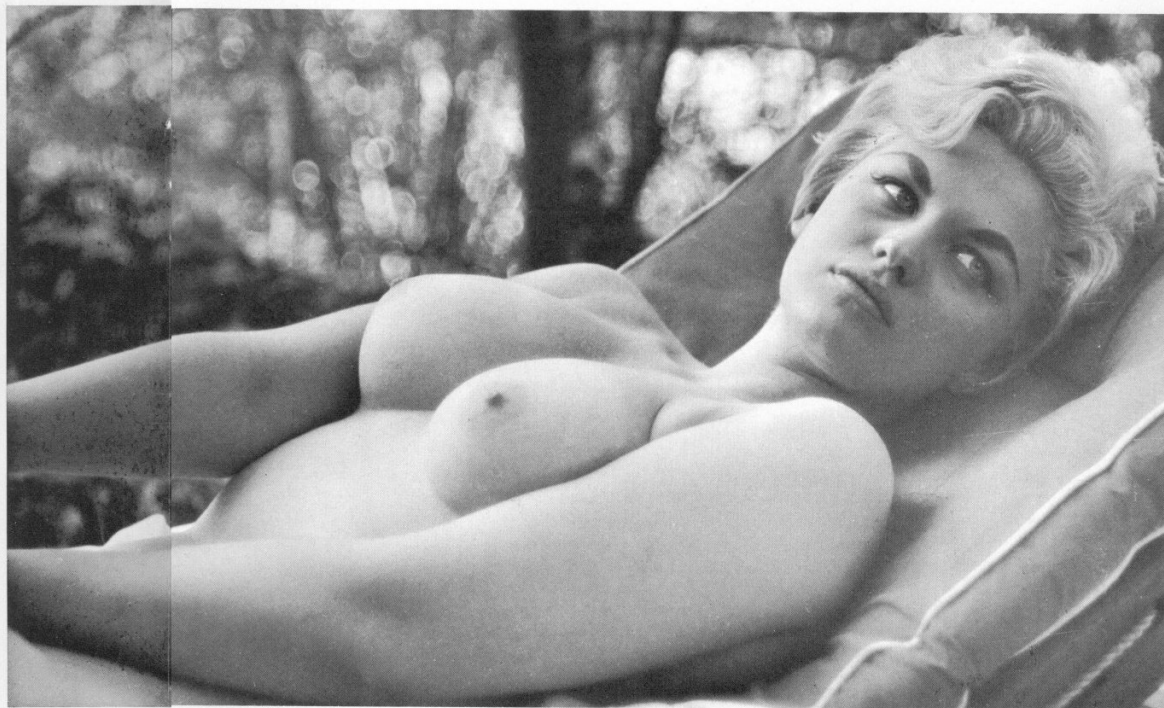
We know that you'll excuse a certain jubilant elation on our part as we point with pride at the standards that we have set for the cover page and centerfold of this the first issue of Eve. ■ Oh weary traveler down the byways of the world, rest thy orbs on the fairest flower of them all. Yea, a bouquet of all the winsome wonders of womanhood, a delectable morsel to titillate the appetite of any who dare call himself man, twenty-two year old Marlena Loren.



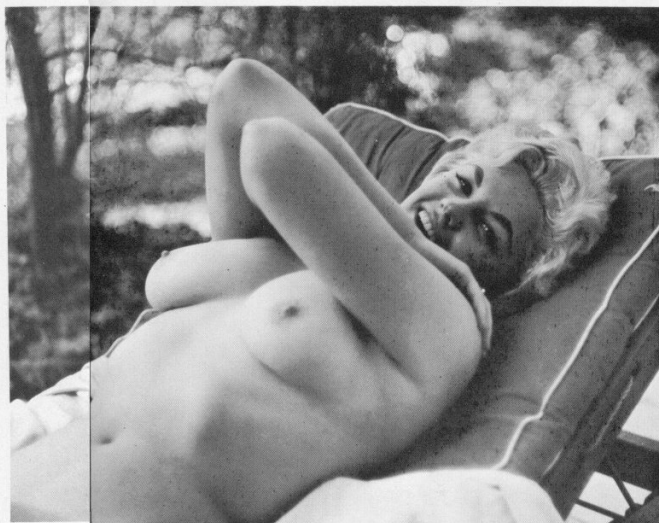




Marlena, who recently won the honor of being chosen "Miss California" in the "Miss World" competition, was born in Sweden. Her speech, though mellifluous, has a trace of delicate salt and pepper Swedish, adding a certain charm. ■ Marlena studied drama at the University of Washington and hopes one day to put the training to good advantage before the motion picture cameras. Right now she is looking forward to an upcoming series on ABC Television. We hope that she gets an opportunity to do both; we can't get enough of her. ■ Marlena has a natural ebullience that is more









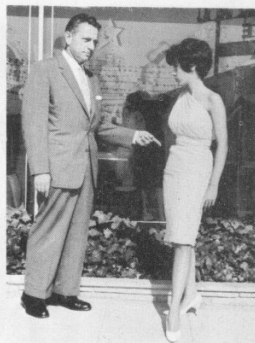


characteristic of her chosen land than of her native Sweden. Watching her crowning glory cascade merrily as she gyrates her 40½-25-37 figure through a zesty cha-cha-cha is enough to turn Big Ben into a sun dial. ■ Marlena's face is, in some ways, similar to the striking beauty worn so well by Kim Novak. Perhaps the blonde hair helps to create the illusion, but somehow we find a difference in the warmth and depth that is generated by her. Don't get us wrong. We admire Kim Novak; admire and then some. We do feel, however, that the balmy



California breezes have added a touch of a glow to our little Swedish pastry that makes her nigh on perfect. ■ Her voice trained since childhood, sings Cole Porter the way he would like it. As if this wasn't enough, she's also a graduate nurse and truly loves to minister to all those who are ill or who need help. All those who are ill or who need help form a line of regiments . . . We saw her first.



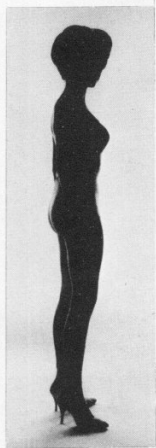


THE BIG BUILD-UP

"Mr. Fredericks, You and your bloody stupid organisation have made a blooming mess out of my whole ruddy life! About three weeks ago I sent in two separate orders for fancy underthings. One of the orders was to go to my wife, the other was to go to a lady friend of my acquaintance. How in the ruddy hell could you get the stuff for that cow that I'm married to, confused with the dainty little things that Anne wears./When my wife's package arrived she was delighted. When she went to put the blooming clothes on, it was like trying to stuff a watermelon into a banana skin./Worse yet, she now wants to know how I could have made such a stupid mistake. Since you got me into this whole rotten mess, I suggest that you figure some way to get me out of it...

quickly, if you please. Respectfully . . . PS: Worse yet, you should have heard Anne when she saw that her clothes would fit the cow." The above letter was received in his Hollywood office one morning last Spring by the man who, perhaps, has done more to change the clothing habits of the American female than any human alive. A broad statement? Perhaps. However, for every innovation inspired by a Dior or Chanel, there is an equally important and in many instances much more far reaching bit of avant mode witchery created by the man known to millions of women simply as Frederick's of Hollywood./The irate Londoner who wrote the letter had ordered several items from the most widely circulated fashion catalog in the world. He had ordered some of the fashions for his wife and some for an extra curricular flame. The error, in this case, was the writer's. However it is easy to imagine that in spite of seemingly foolproof safeguards, the whole catastrophe might have been a goof by one of the army of packers, and clerks, who each day process thousands of mail order shipments that arrive at Frederick's Hollywood address./Letters were immediately written to both of the unhappy women. Frederick's bravely confessed to the error. The merchandise was returned and reshipped to the parties for whom the buyer had originally intended it. Everyone was happy and Frederick's kept a customer. The distance covered from the time that Frederick's had originally mailed the catalog to the time that the transaction was finally complete was just short of thirty four thousand miles. The total sale \$26.80. Less than ten pounds sterling./The foregoing is all part of the everyday world of

HOLLYWOOD STARLETS LOVE FREDERICK'S FASHIONS



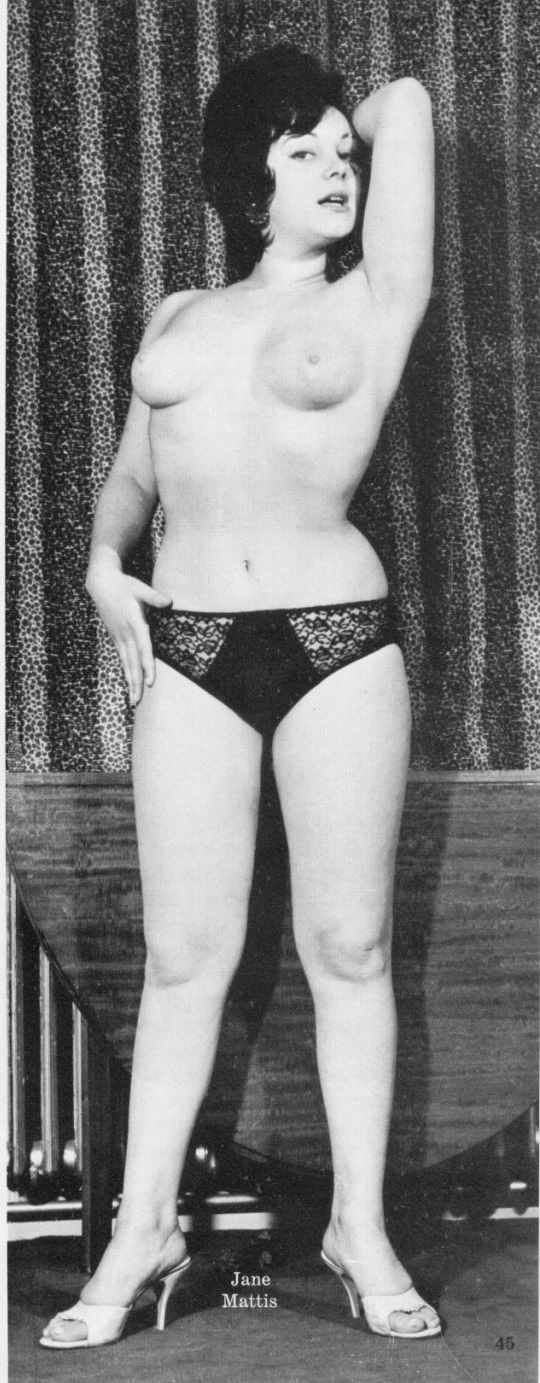
Vikki Kaye wears matched pink lace push-up padded bra and garter-belt panties.

Pixish Jane Mattis models black lace Bikini panties, mailed to her in London.

Fred Mellinger, Mr. Frederick's of Hollywood. This 47 year old ex New Yorker settled in Hollywood immediately after World War Two and started a business that has now grown to a chain of ten retail stores in a catalog mailing of 750,000 copies every sixty days throughout the year. In keeping with EVE's thinking concerning self made men and their success stories, we decided to find out how and why. In a stint in a Chicago mail order house immediately prior to World War Two, Mellinger, then only seventeen, served his apprenticeship in women's fashions and before he was eighteen was appointed assistant buyer of, of all things, bras, panties and bathing suits. Even at that tender age he realized that women enjoy looking as female as they possibly can. During his tour of duty in the Army, he was quick to notice that the men pinned up the curviest, sexiest pictures that they could lay their hands on. To him, it seemed as easy as one plus one equals two. If the men like their women well built and ultra feminine and the women enjoy looking that way themselves, then why not make clothes and undies to help both genders achieve their wish? On the great day that he arrived in Hollywood clutching his brand new discharge in his hand, he embarked on his crusade to dress the most feminine women in America. His first office was in downtown Los Angeles, near the main post office. Immediately overhead his neighbor, found out later was a first class Chinese house of ill repute. A bookie flourished two doors down the hall. His dressing room was the only authentic pissoir in Los Angeles, and was situated about a dozen steps from the back door of the building. In spite of mistakes in buying and advertising, the business managed to exist. During the first six months of operation he lost a little more than half of his capital. Not bad when you consider that in his first ad in the multi-million circulation American Weekly, he drew a blank. No one wanted Mother Hubbard Nightgowns or bloomers. Actually, he'd bought them in the east and had them shipped out. The error struck home and he's never repeated it. Nowadays each of the over 500 items in his catalog have that "Made In Hollywood" appearance. Many of them are. Some, however, are made to specification in as far away cities as Hong Kong, Paris, and Munich. No matter where the physical manufacture takes place, however, the watchful eye of "Mr. Frederick" governs every step. Mellinger says that he feels that since so much of mail order business is built on trust the confidence on the part of the customer, the least he



Vikki
Kaye



Jane
Mattis

One of New York's top cover girls Peggy Evans adds glamour to the evening hours with Frederick's black satin wrap-around gown.

ARRR, hear the call of the jungle . . . Arlene Stevens in a leopard print slip of sheath styling; perfect for the slim, slim Frederick's dresses. A touch of Hollywood is evident in every Frederick's fashion.

Parisian beauty Jacquie Bernard wears leopard jersey date dress, designed to attract every male in sight. Jacquie prefers her Frederick's creations above her high fashion French fashions.

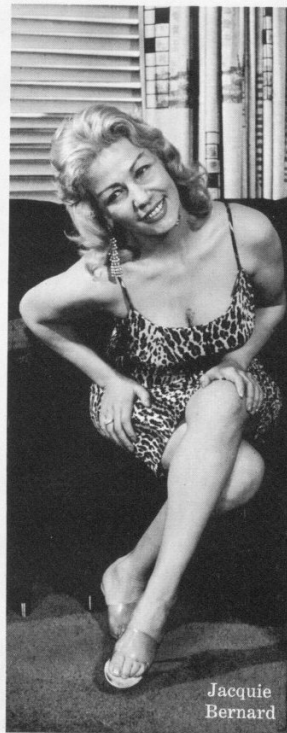
Lovely Laura Thurlow admires her reflection in a Frederick's Bikini.



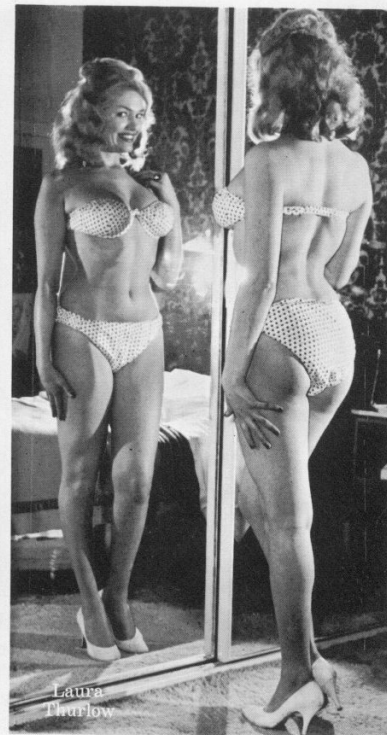
Arlene
Stevens



Peggy
Evans



Jacquie
Bernard



Laura
Thurlow

The schedule of a new book every sixty days with at least half of the dresses changed was tight. Then as a result of the change the items were removed from stock, even in the retail stores, and sold through an outlet store maintained for just such exigencies. These first roughs were for a catalog due sixty two days from the date of the interview. It's predecessor was on the press at that moment./We found Mellinger to be an earnest, easy going man. Happy with his lot in life and sincere in his belief that he brings happiness to others. A quick glance through some of "Frederick's" mail convinced me that he was right. "My husband is straying. What can you give me in the way of clothes to help me keep him?" Frederick's will do their best. A customer relations expert takes over the correspondence can do is to assure the quality of the workmanship going into his merchandise. Obtaining new customers is an expensive process in the mail order field. Wooing a dissatisfied customer back into the fold is almost impossible. The business is built on blind faith, and three quarter of a million people have that kind of faith in Frederick's of Hollywood. Can Dior say that? Not to Liz Taylor and Gina, that's for sure./The afternoon we were ushered into "Mr. Frederick's" comfortable office on Cahuenga Blvd. in Hollywood we heard the pleasant mannered executive throwing phrases that sounded like physiological mayhem. "Slim down her can." "Cut her neck, bring chin down." "Watch her hips, she looks like a sausage." "Too high fashiony, do something with her arms." A glance his way showed Mellinger rattling off instructions for changes he wanted made on sketches for his next catalog.

and tries to do everything that design, padding, whalebone and the resultant self-confidence can do. The gratification that comes with a successful plot between Frederick's and a customer is Mellinger's greatest joy. That and the fact that he knows that he has another steady customer. All because he designs and sells clothes and . . . ah . . . er . . . equipment ? ? ? . . . to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative./The equipment? Here, Frederick's shines. Here is the bane of the unsuspecting male. Here lies many a disappointed moment for the wolf on the prowl. A Frederick's gal can add inches to her hips, bottom or bustline practically on signal. They even sell a girdle that accentuates the hips and unless you are more than a mite curious, no man can spot it. It's called an "Open End." Need we describe it. We suggested a version for men called a David Susskind. No buyers! The item that fascinated us most was . . . well . . . here's the catalog pitch verbatim. "Do you want a full glamorous bustline . . . like magic it's yours . . . the magic of air in Blow-up bras. Be the size you want to fit every dress you own . . . every mood you desire . . . Matched perfection always with easy to adjust blow up bras . . . Ours is the largest collection in America . . . Mr. Frederick"/Sure . . . it's great for the gals . . . but how about this business of one girl being able to keep two fellows happy at the same time. She inflates for the man who enjoys comfort and deflates for the fellow who prefers speed . . . and the havoc that might be wrought with an errant fraternity pin is too horrible to contemplate./One girl found a delightful use for this bra. She filled each of the plastic cups with mar-



Pam
Weldon



Monica
March



Laura
Vickers

tini. Since the bra comes complete with a straw, she could . . . well . . . she could sort of nurse herself from being a large busted sober girl to a flat chested sot without ever leaving her seat. Bravo for her. "Mr. Frederick, I'll have a Blow-up bra with two straws, please."/Of course there are other male shattering devices in the Frederick's book of tricks. There are push-ups, push-ins, pull-ups, lift-ups, bottoms up, waist widdlers . . . ("Gone, four inches from your waist"), bare-ups, and finally . . . point-its./The imaginative undergarments plus the full advantage that all of the Frederick's designs take of a gal's natural talent can transform a clod into a doll. So much so that the firm numbers Congressmen, Congresswomen, Diplomats, Foreign Royalty, Oil Field Workers and over 20,000 APO addresses amongst it's 2,000,000 mail order customers. You are liable to see almost anyone from the movie and television set in the Hollywood store at any time. Here, where the competition is keenest, perfection is a constant goal. Let's face it . . . even mighty mammariated June Wilkinson has worn a gold Frederick's bra./Feeling that we had bearded this friend to women and enemy to the male specie in his den, we suggested an experiment. We'd take a model who was, by some standards, a trifle unendowed. Thence with the addition of Frederick's "form fillers" we would develop her into a lush doll. The resulting experiment is pictured in these pages. I have never been a man to quibble. The darn stuff works. Drat!

Pam Weldon presents a pretty picture as she waits for her date in her Hollywood apartment, clad in a Frederick's dress, gloves, and shoes. Most Hollywood starlets realize a little extra un-coverage goes a long way.

Pert Monica March poses prettily in red nylon pleated nightie. Both glamour and "little girl" looks are given equal billing in the Frederick's catalog.

Sheer white negligie is a favorite of red-haired aqua star Laura Vickers. She recently purchased an entire Frederick's wardrobe while vacationing in Hollywood. All destined to brighten the New York scene.



night, for I know John would suspect something at once.

And John is so queer, now, that I don't want to irritate him. I wish he would take another room! Besides, I don't want anybody to get that woman out at night but myself.

I often wonder if I could see her out of all the windows at once.

But, turn as fast as I can, I can only see out of one at one time.

And though I always see her she may be able to creep faster than I can turn!

I have watched her sometimes away off in the open country, creeping as fast as a cloud shadow in a high wind.

If only that top pattern could be gotten off from the under one! I mean to try it, little by little.

I have found out another funny thing, but I shan't tell it this time! It does not do to trust people too much.

There are only two more days to get this paper off, and I believe John is beginning to notice. I don't like the look in his eyes.

And I heard him ask Jennie a lot of professional questions about me. She had a very good report to give.

She said I slept a good deal in the daytime.

John knows I don't sleep very well at night, for all I'm so quiet!

He asked me all sorts of questions, too, and pretended to be very loving and kind.

As if I couldn't see through him! Still, I don't wonder he acts so, sleeping under this paper for three months.

It only interests me, but I feel sure John and Jennie are secretly affected by it.

Hurrah! This is the last day, but it is enough. John is to stay in town overnight, and won't be out until this evening.

Jennie wanted to sleep with me — the sly thing! but I told her I should undoubtedly rest better for a night all alone.

That was clever, for really I wasn't alone a bit! As soon as it was moonlight, and that poor thing began to crawl and shake the pattern, I got up and ran to help her.

I pulled and she shook, I shook and she pulled, and before morning we had peeled off yards of paper.

A strip about as high as my head and half around the room.

And then when the sun came and that awful pattern began to laugh at me I declared I would finish it

today!

We go away tomorrow, and they are moving all my furniture down again to leave things as they were before.

Jennie looked at the wall in amazement, but I told her merrily that I did it out of pure spite at the vicious thing.

She laughed and said she wouldn't mind doing it herself, but I must not get tired.

How she betrayed herself that time!

But I am here, and no person touches this paper but me — not alive!

She tried to get me out of the room — it was too patent! But I said it was so quiet and empty and clean now that I believed I would lie down again and sleep all I could; and not to wake me even for dinner — I would call when I woke.

So now she is gone, and the servants are gone, and the things are gone, and there is nothing left but that great bedstead nailed down, with the canvas mattress we found on it.

We shall sleep downstairs tonight, and take the boat home tomorrow.

I quite enjoy the room, now it is bare again.

How those children did tear about here!

This bedstead is fairly gnawed!

But I must get to work.

I have locked the door and thrown the key down into the front path.

I don't want to get out, and I don't want to have anybody come in, till John comes.

I want to astonish him.

I've got a rope up here that even Jennie did not find. If that woman does get out, and tries to get away, I can tie her!

But I forgot I could not reach far without anything to stand on!

This bed will *not* move!

I tried to lift and push it until I was lame, but then I got so angry I bit off a little piece at the corner — but it hurt my teeth.

Then I peeled off all the paper I could reach standing on the floor. It sticks horribly and the pattern just enjoys it! All those strangled heads and bulbous eyes and waddling fungus growths just shriek with derision!

I am getting angry enough to do something desperate. To jump out of the window would be admirable

exercise, but the bars are too strong even to try.

Besides, I wouldn't do it. Of course not. I know well enough that a step like that is improper and might be misconstrued.

I don't like to *look* out of the windows even — there are so many of those creeping women, and they creep so fast.

I wonder if they all come out of that wallpaper, as I did?

But I am securely fastened now by my well-hidden rope—you don't get me out in the road there!

I suppose I shall have to get back behind the pattern when it comes night, and that is hard!

It is so pleasant to be out in this great room and creep around as I please!

I don't want to go outside. I won't, even if Jennie asks me to.

For outside you have to creep on the ground, and everything is green instead of yellow.

But here I can creep smoothly on the floor, and my shoulder just fits in that long smooch around the wall, so I cannot lose my way.

Why, there's John at the door!

It is no use, young man, you can't open it!

How he does call and pound!

Now he's crying for an ax.

It would be a shame to break down that beautiful door!

"John, dear!" said I in the gentlest voice, "the key is down by the front steps, under a plantain leaf!"

That silenced him for a few moments.

Then he said — very quietly indeed, "Open the door, my darling!"

"I can't," said I. "The key is down by the front door, under a plantain leaf!"

And then I said it again, several times, very gently and slowly, and said it so often that he had to go and see, and he got it, of course, and came in. He stopped short by the door.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "For God's sake, what are you doing?"

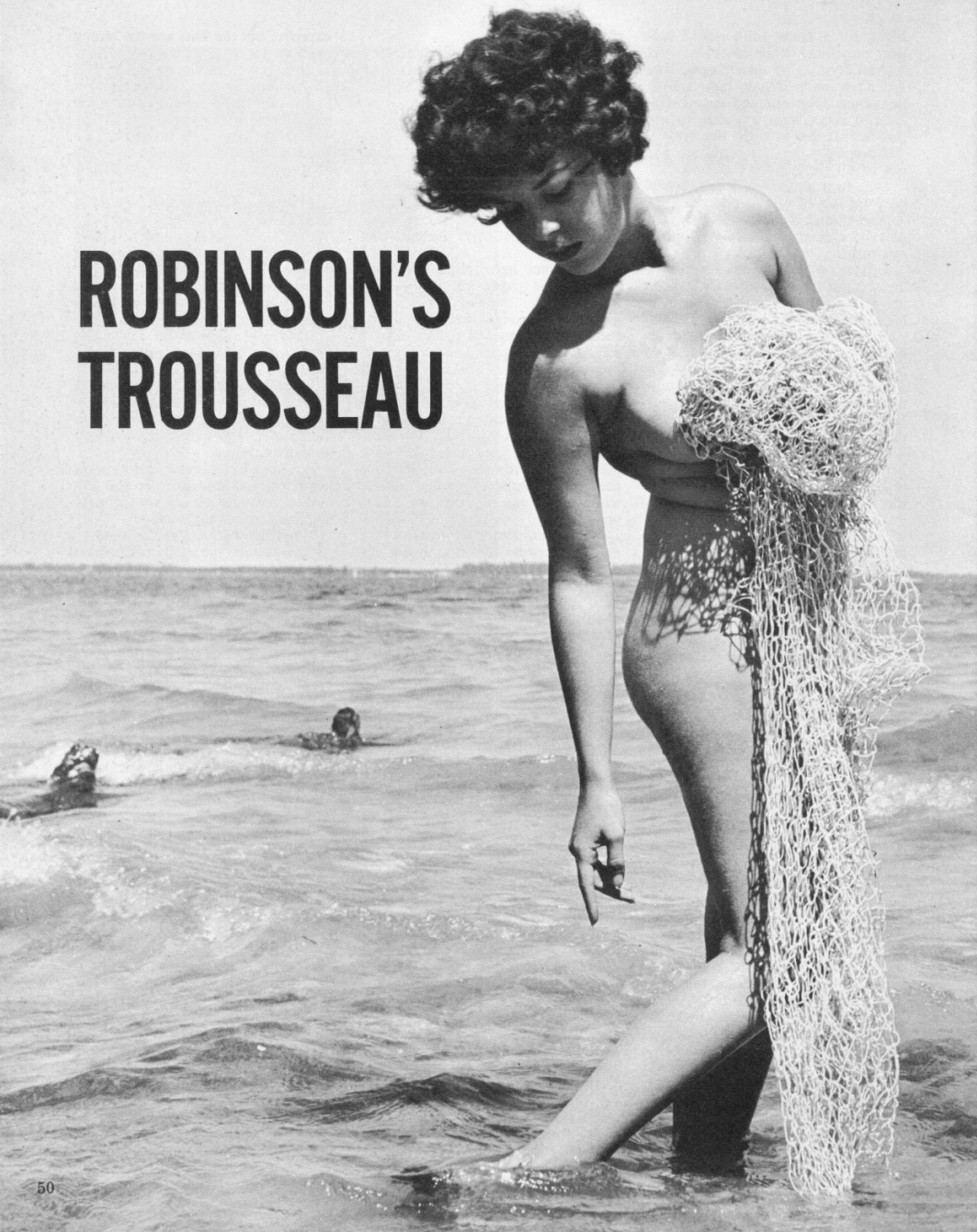
I kept on creeping just the same, but I looked at him over my shoulder.

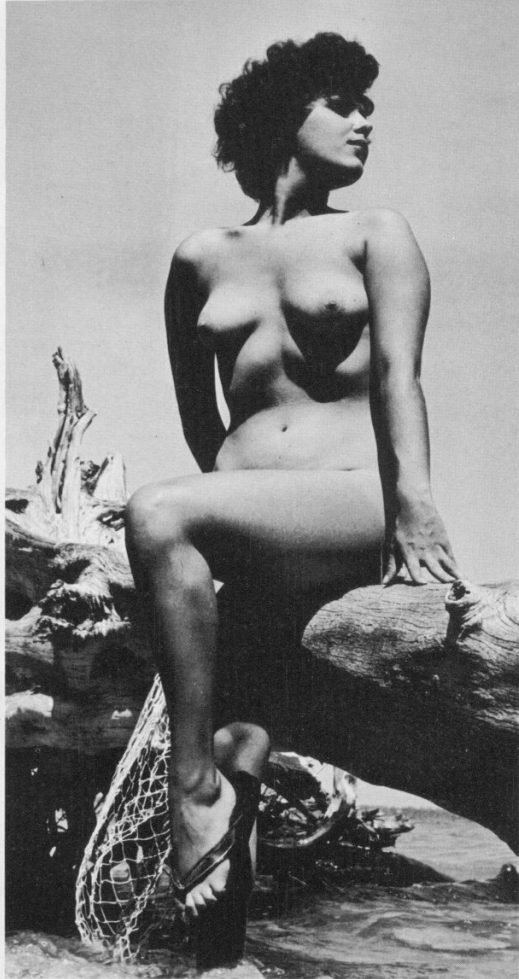
"I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jennie! And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"

Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!



ROBINSON'S TROUSSEAU

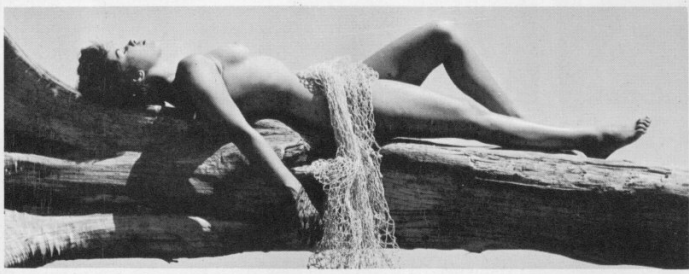
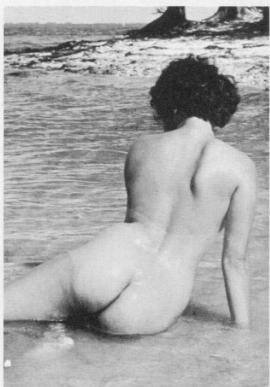




Twice upon a time there was this chick, see! Now she was some looker was this babe, with a figure that would knock your eyes out, a fact that had not been overlooked by her boss. Now what? you may ask, was a chic chick like this doing working in some crummy office as a bookkeeper. Well as in all good fairy stories she was forced to do so by her ugly stepsister who of course was dead jealous. The boss man of course found out about this situation and figured to give our pretty miss a break. So what does he do? Why he invites her to his beach home for the weekend of course. The weekend is going like a ball, that is until our chick decides that she is another John Paul Jones and takes out with the boss's cruiser.



Well thinks Miss Crusoe, this is fine while the sun shines but The trouble is that she can't find any signposts and soon not only is she lost but she's hung the boat up on a reef. So now she decides to swim to an island that she can see in the distance. By the time she gets there it's all she can do to drag her weary chassis up the beach, but being a game kid she makes it to a dry object and sleeps. When she awakens and takes stock of her situation she discovers that no longer is she a John Paul Jones but a Robinson Crusoe. Well even Robby boy had to eat and the only thing available is an old net, I guess it must be fish for dinner. Wow! what a fisherman, even the turtles have come up to see this, they haven't had a treat like this since "Eve".



it'll soon be dark and what then? But no need to worry 'cause her Prince Charming in the form of her boss is on his way to the rescue.

Just before nightfall he found her, still sitting on the beach clutching her net and looking very dejected.

Once back at the beach house Miss Crusoe soon perked up, that is enough to say yes. Oh yes, they lived happily ever after, or did they? — She's still bookkeeping, but now it's for love.





THE BEST FIVE-CENTS IN VIEW



And you couldn't find a better looking Nichol than Audrey, for Audrey Nichols is just about the cutest looking doll we've had around for quite a while.

To us Audrey seems to have stepped out of the twenties, she has all the effervescence of a flapper. She never stops, her life is one big merry-go-round of parties, dinners and theaters. Her big problem, which differs from most working girls, is how to fit in her work around this busy social schedule.



Why does she keep up this mad pace? Her reason is very simple, "I like it," she says, "besides which, you know, you're only young once." You can believe us, you'd have to be more than young to keep up with Audrey.

Audrey started work as a stenographer but was soon looking for a job at which she could pick her own hours, and that is how she came into modeling. First off she was doing ad work and then T.V. commercials, now she handles just about anything in the modeling field.





What can we say about this bundle of feminine vitality? She hates housework, can't cook, has no particular ambition, loves expensive clothes and fast imported sports cars. We shouldn't say that she has no ambitions for she has one that we know of. She has made up her mind that this year she will have her own Jaguar and knowing Audrey we wouldn't lay any odds.

How about settling down, we asked her, you know you can't keep up this pace forever.

"Phooey," she replied, "there's plenty of time to slow down when I get near to thirty. Then I'll find me a rich husband and settle down, but he'll have to be rich."





Well there you have her, Audrey Nichols, New York Playgirl number one, the flapper reincarnated. A pleasure to know and be with, we only hope that she will find time in her hectic life to model for us again, 'cause we ain't waiting seven years for her to slow down.





A Race For Time

By Trevor Sands ■ Tony Brand felt good, in fact he felt on top of the world, and why shouldn't he. At the age of twenty eight he was achieving what most men work a lifetime for, the fulfillment of his one ambition.

Tony was a motor racing driver, designer and mechanic, he owned his own car or at least most of it and, he was on his way to Europe to participate in the British Grand Prix. Ten years earlier Tony had started off his career in a small gas station in the mid west as a mechanic. His evenings were spent either modifying or drag racing his 1939 model 91A Ford which was his pride and joy. From drag racing to small circuits to large circuits and to the big time. Now he had designed and built a revolutionary formula-one car with a 1500cc, Vsix engine. With the aid of a backer with plenty of pull he'd been accepted as an entrant in the Grand Prix.

The car was loaded on the boat, Tony was moving towards the gangplank when suddenly two men stepped in his path, they flashed their FBI cards in his face and before he knew what was happening he was being whisked off to headquarters without any explanations.

Once inside he was forcibly marched into a large office and up to a desk behind which sat an imposing looking being.

"Well we caught him chief" said one of the agents "just as he was boarding the boat."

"Good work" snapped the chief "O.K. Garnet, now lets have it straight whose behind the dope ring?"

Try as he may Tony couldn't convince them as to who he was and to make things worse his papers were all in his cabin. Suddenly a telephone interrupted the argument, "What's that, impossible, can't be, all right bring him in" shouted the chief "take this fellow down and hold him, I'll see him later."

That was it, for two hours Tony was left alone with his thoughts, he'd missed the boat, well that could be overcome, but what about his car, what would happen

to it?" "Alright come along with us, sir" a voice said. "Well this is a change," thought Tony. "Something must have turned up."

Back in the big office the story was simple, Tony was a spitting image of the man Garnet who had now been picked up at the airport. Apologies were offered all around. Tony was just about to leave when the big man called to him.

"Son, how would you like to help Uncle Sam." It sounded ominous, and it was, but when Tony agreed he didn't know how ominous. According to the plan all he had to do was to be on the plane in Garnet's place. The authorities were sure Garnet would be met at London Airport by a member of the dope ring. All Tony had to do was be Garnet until he found out who was at the top, then pass over the information to the British C.I.D.

Riding jet over the Atlantic sure was quicker than the boat, and the doll in the seat next to Tony made up for all the inconveniences of the past few hours. Judy Roper was on a well earned vacation, and to her it looked like it was starting off fine. She liked the clean cut looks of the young man next to her, and, he wasn't wearing a wedding band. Yes, things looked promising. By the time they reached their destination things were on a pretty firm footing, but hoping to be met Tony had arranged to call Judy that evening at her hotel.

Passing out of the customs enclosure Tony was approached by a uniformed chauffeur, "this way Mr. Garnet," he said.

Hiding his excitement Tony followed and was led to a gleaming Rolls. There was a man inside, the door was opened, he stepped in.

"So you're Garnet" said a voice from behind a cloud of cigar smoke.

(please turn to next page)

"You have the advantage, buster" replied Tony trying to act the tough role.

"I'm Johnson, that's who." The smoke had lifted, the voice belonged to a well dressed middle aged man who apart from a four inch scar across his forehead would be considered handsome. "Now, where's the money?"

Tony had to think fast, what money, how much, where from . . . he had it. "What do you take me for a sucker? I've never set eyes on you before. How do I know you're Johnson? And even if I did do you think I'd be carrying the money on me?"

"Smart boy. O.K., we'll go back to my place, give you the proof then you can hand over the fifty thousand quid. The boss is getting impatient holding all that stuff. So lets go. Right?" Johnson seemed in a hurry.

The big car made it through west London and into Mayfair. It came to a halt outside an imposing block of flats. They alighted and went in. On the second floor they entered an apartment. At the same time a scantily clad body leaped off the couch, and what a body, the negligence just about hid nothing. Tony began to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Ronny you didn't say we were having guests," she said as she ran out of the room.

"My wife," Johnson explained, "good looking but no brains. Terrific in bed though."

Johnson showed Tony some papers and a copy of the letter which was sent to Garnet. Tony had no way of knowing what they meant but he went along.

"O.K., buster" he said, "so take me to your leader. Lets get the business settled."

"Not so fast Garnet," came the reply. "You deal with me. No one sees the boss but me."

"No boss, no deal," snapped back our boy and made toward the door.

"Now hold on a minute mate," pleaded Johnson. "Lets not rush this thing, I got my orders you know. Anyway, what difference can it make to you as long as you get the stuff?"

Tony's reply was quick. "Yeah, I got orders too and believe me you'll find it easier to go along with the syndicate. They want me to deal with the top man and they always get what they want. Savvy?"

"O.K. I get you," answered Johnson. "Let me talk to the boss and I'll call you tomorrow." "Don't bother," snapped back Tony. "I've one or two other things to attend to so I'll give you forty-eight hours, then I'll be back here. Don't forget we're doing you a favor in taking this stuff off your hands. We can always use our regular channels." All this was a big gamble but it was paying off. To Tony it seemed obvious that they wanted to get rid of the dope quickly and were getting real nervous about it. He was pretty sure now that they would play along with him.

He left the building and called a cab; he didn't want it known where he was staying although he was sure they'd have him followed. They They weren't that simple that they'd just let him walk out of their clutches. Enroute to his hotel he began making plans. First; it would be four days until his car arrived, then another four until the race itself. So he needn't worry on that score . . . yet! Second; there was Judy, and she had number one priority. If she lived up to her looks he sure was in for a hell of a good time. Well in a few hours he would start finding out.

On reaching the Savoy Hotel, Tony was taken up to his suite. As he unpacked the few things he had in his small holdall, (his luggage was on the boat) he thought how fortunate he was that the government was paying for all this, and he decided that he would make the most of it. There was a knock on the door, Tony bid the caller enter; a tall man in a raincoat made his way through the door.

"Mr. Garnet," the man asked. Tony nodded. The man went on, "Collins CID," he flashed his identification." Just dropped in to put you straight on a few points. First of all, here's a couple of hundred quid, you'll have to live up the part; night clubs, bars, women, you know the sort of thing. Now, somewhere along the line you're going to have to show up with some money. We understand this deal will involve about a hundred thousand, probably half down and the balance on delivery. Am I correct?"

"On the nose," said Tony sounding rather surprised. "If you know all this how come you need me?"

"Oh, we know who the small fry are and we have sources of information, but you can get us to the big

man." Collins answer made sense. He went on, "I understand you'll be needing clothes. Well don't worry we're having that taken care of, you'll have a complete wardrobe sent up in a few minutes. Any alterations, call room service. Well, I'll be off now. When you need me call this number and leave a message. Oh, by the way here's a bank draught for the first fifty thousand in case you need it in a hurry. So long old man."

Tony sat back on the bed; money ad lib, clothes, a top flight hotel. This was getting more like a fairy tale, maybe he was dreaming. Well if it was, he was going to call Judy before he woke up. He picked up the phone and dialed the number. "Miss Roper please," he said. "Hi there Judy, remember me? . . . good. What do you say to dinner at the Savoy tonight? . . . Fine, I'll meet you in the lobby at eight sharp. O.K.?" By the time he had showered, his clothes had arrived. They fitted well and were all hand made. "I hope they don't want them back," thought Tony.

At eight sharp Judy arrived; a dream on high heels. Her low cut green dress really showed up her red hair to perfection. They went into the bar and over a couple of drinks Tony made his decision. He would plunge straight on.

"It's pretty crowded down here, how about having dinner served in my suite?"

She gave him a quiskal look. "Well, it's against my better judgment but I guess I'm just a fool at heart. O.K."

"The way my luck is running," thought Tony, "I should be in Las Vegas." He called over the waiter. "We'll have dinner served in my suite," he said, and looking over the menu he ordered, including champagne.

As they entered his suite Tony could see that Judy was impressed with the extravagance of the place. "Wow! What are you some kind of royalty? This place must be setting you back a fortune," she exclaimed.

"No, I just have a wealthy sponsor," replied Tony as he switched on the radio. An orchestra was playing a dreamy tune. "Dance?" asked Tony. The response was a nod and she moved into his arms. As he held her close Tony could feel the firmness of her body against his and each movement sent his pulse reeling. She looked up at him; her

lips full and moist. Before he realized it he was kissing her and the response was not slow in coming forth. She moved back and for a few seconds they just looked at each other, not saying a word. Suddenly she was back in his arms and whispering, "Tony darling I love you. I don't know how it happened but I love you." They moved over to the couch and Tony took her in his arms again. She offered no resistance as he caressed her. Then there was a knock at the door and the waiter entered with dinner. "Blast him," thought Tony.

It was close to eleven when they finished the meal and Tony's thoughts were returning to the unfinished business at hand, when the phone rang. He answered it. "Johnson here," Tony recognized the voice. "The boss is with me now. I'll have my car pick you up in fifteen minutes, wait in the hotel lobby." Then he hung up. Mad as he was at having his plans spoiled Tony could do nothing but go along with Johnson. He explained to Judy that he had to go out on pressing business, but he would drop her off at her hotel on the way. It was obvious that she was cut up about it but she made no comment. Tomorrow was another day.

By eleven thirty he was entering Johnson's apartment.

Sitting in an armchair facing him was a large pompous man who studied him carefully for almost a minute, then he spoke.

"So you're the great Garnet, eh?" he spoke with a cultured voice. "Well you wished to do your business with the boss so lets not waste time. Have you the money?"

"I have an open bank draught on me for the first half, but if you want cash you must wait until tomorrow," Tony answered casually.

"The draught will do," the big man said. "Be here tomorrow at three and I'll hand you the stuff but have the balance in cash. Sorry to have disturbed your evening, but business comes first, eh what?" With that Tony was shown out and he made his way back to his hotel.

First thing next morning Tony telephoned Collins, who said not to worry everything would be taken care of and to carry on as arranged. With nothing to do Tony spent the rest of the day sightseeing. That is until three o'clock when he made his way up to Johnson's apartment. He wasn't quite sure which block

was until he recognized the large awning on the sidewalk. He looked up and there at the window directly above was Johnson. Obviously they were more than a little on edge.

Johnson let him in. Tony looked around, "where's the boss?" he asked. "He's in other room. He'll be in in a jiffy," answered Johnson.

Tony was looking out the window overlooking the street when the boss entered the room. "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine Garnet" he said. "Guess I've messed up your plans, eh, copper?" Garnet drawled.

Tony did some fast thinking. He was sure that they weren't certain he was a cop. If he could convince them otherwise it might give him some valuable time. At that particular moment he didn't care whether they were caught or not, his problem was to get out of this alive. He took a long gamble.

"I told the boss we couldn't cross the syndicate and get away with it," he said, "but you must admit Garnet, that we almost pulled it off. You know we could have cleaned up on the coast if we could have got this stuff direct instead of through your boys."

Tony could see the puzzled look on Garnet's face, then a look of understanding. "So you're one of Dolan's boys," he said, half smiling. "Was it you that tipped off the cops about my trip?"

Tony had read of the Dolan mob many times; this was the break he needed. Now if only he could remember some of their names. He thought hard, then he answered. "Sure thing, Dolan and Mario dreamed it up. Mario said he'd seen you a few times and that I was a dead ringer for you."

"Why that punk kid," snarled Garnet, "and to think I gave him his first break."

What a break thought Tony, hoping that no one had noticed the sweat running down his neck. The situation had eased off some, Garnet had even holstered his gun. But Tony knew he must keep things moving.

"One thing puzzles me," Tony said questioningly. "How the hell did you get off so quickly? You know Dolan figured I'd have at least seventy two hours start on you."

"Listen bud when you work for the syndicate you get protection," came Garnet's reply. "They couldn't hold me long once the boss put the

pressure on."

Suddenly a strange expression came over Garnet's face, the .38 suddenly appeared again. "O.K. buster, hoist 'em" he snapped.

Tony started to sweat again. What had gone wrong? What had made Garnet change? Garnet frisked him. "Clean, huh!" he sounded surprised. "O.K. what's your name fella? I have a feeling I'd better check you out before we let you go . . . Johnson send off this cable." Garnet dictated a cable to the syndicate, but he kept his gun in his hand.

Without warning the door flew open, Tony got a brief glimpse of Collins as he dived across the room at Johnson, more men came rushing into the room. Out of the corner of his eye Tony saw the .38 moving in an arc towards him; there was only one way out.

With one leap he reached the window and crashed through it hoping that he would be caught in the awning . . . his luck held. He swung to the ground and into the arms of a bobby and what a welcome sight he was too.

Three hours later he was back in the hotel and eagerly awaiting Judy's arrival. It was not a long wait. She didn't even bother to knock, she just rushed in and straight into his arms smothering him with kisses. As he retreated towards the bedroom his hands were fumbling with the buttons on her blouse. She stopped him and then proceeded to peel it off, along with her skirt. Tony's eyes were glued to her. He'd seen women in his young life but never a body like this. She removed her bra. Tony could contain himself any longer, he reached for her and drew her onto the bed. She melted into his arms. "This," thought Tony, "must be heaven. . ."

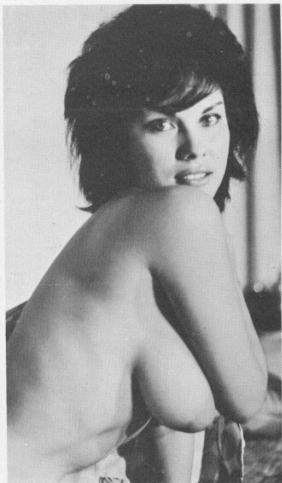
. . . "O.K. Mack this is pier ninety, that'll be ten bucks. It's quite a drag from Idlewild, did you you have a good nap?" Tony looked up sheepishly at the cab driver.

"Yes, thanks driver, but you could have made it five minutes longer" he answered as he paid him and made his way along the pier.

As he walked towards the gangplank two men stepped in his path and flashed their FBI cards.

"O.K. fellas" said Tony happily. "Lets hurry I have a dream to catch up with . . ."





NEW HOLLYWOOD FAWN





Remember back in the early forties, Walt Disney introduced us to "Bambi" the fawn, and remember how everyone went crazy over it, men, women and children. Well the children are now fully grown so we thought that it was about time they were introduced to a new "Bambi" one which as adults they would still appreciate. So here she is, a new fawn in the shape of Bambi Martino, better than Walt's eh? • By coincidence, and still on the subject of Bambi, we got caught up in an argument last week with a gentleman of Italian origin. As usual the argument was about women and which country produced the most beautiful specimens of womanhood. Being biased, our friend insisted on Italy which was only to be expected, and, to a point, we agreed. But having met face to face beauties of all nationalities we tried to break down this argument thus: For classical beauty and grace we look to Scandinavia and England, for natural unaffected beauty we look to Ireland, Scotland and the Low Countries, for thorough,







virile looking women we come to Germany, Austria, Hungary, etc. The petite little sex bomb of course is the product of France. But for the 100% bundle of sex personified, for the woman whose mere look can make a man go weak at the knees, for the woman who was built to order for most men we must agree with our friend, you can't beat the Italians.

In case you have any doubts and can only think of Gina and Sophia, take a good look at Bambi Martino. Born in Italy and only in the United States a few years, Bambi is having no trouble making herself felt in Hollywood circles. • O.K. fellas, I guess we proved our point, get up off your knees, wipe the sweat from your brows and don't be disappointed, it wouldn't be fair to fill the magazine with Bambi. But we promise you we'll bring her back again soon, so just keep looking. —







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